

The second part of

I runne before King Harries victorie,
Who in a bloudy field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten downe yong Hot-spurre and his troopes,
Quenching the flaine of bold rebellion,
Euen with the rebels bloud. But what meane I
To speake so true at first: my office is
To noyse abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Vnder the wrath of noble Hot-spurs sword,
And that the King before the Douglas rage,
Stoopt his annointed head as low as death.
This haue I rumour'd through the peasant townes,
Betweene that royall field of Shrewsbury,
And this worme-eaten hole of ragged stone,
When Hot-spurs father old Northumberland
Lies crafty sicke, the postes come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other newes,
Than they haue leant of me, from Rumors tongues,
They bring smooth comforts false, worse then true wrongs.

exit Rumours.

Enter the Lord Bardolfe at one doore.

Bard. Who keeps the gate here ho? where is the Earle?

Porter What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the Earle,
That the Lord Bardolfe doth attend him heere.

Porter His Lordship is walkt forth into the orchard,
Please it your honor knocke but at the gate,
And he himselfe will answer. *Enter the Earle Northumberland.*

Bard. Here comes the Earle.

Earle. What newes Lord Bardolfe? euery minute now
Should be the father of some Stratagem,
The times are wild, contention like a horse,
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And beares downe all before him.

Bard. Noble Earle,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.

Earle Good, and God will.

Bard.

Henry the f

Bard. As good as heart can wish
The King is almost wounded to th
And in the fortune of my Lord you
Prince Harry slaine outright, and b
Kild by the hand of Dowglas, yong
And Westmerland and Stafford fle
And Harry Monmouthes brawne, t
Is prisoner to your sonne: O such a
So fought, so followed, and so fairely
Came not till now to dignifie the tin
Since Cæsars fortunes.

Earle How is this deriu'd?

Saw you the field? came you from S

Bar. I spake with one, my lord, tha
A gentleman well bred, and of good
That freely rendred me these newes

Earle Here comes my seruant T
On tuesday last to listen after newes.

Bar. My lord, I ouer-rode him
And he is furnisht with no certaintie
More then he haply may retale from

Earle Now Trauers, what good

Trauers My lord, sir Iohn Vmfr
With ioyfull tidings, and being bette
Out rode me, after him came spurri
A gentleman almost forespent with
That stopt by me to breathe his blo
He askt the way to Chester, and of h
I did demand what newes from Shr
He told me that rebellion had bad l
And that yong Harrie Percies spurv
With that he gaue his able horse the
And bending forward, strooke his a
Against the panting sides of his poc
Vp to the rowell head, and starting f
He seem'd in running to deuoure th